



Dragon Policy



dragon strife

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Chapter 1 by Phantim

A huge Red Dragon swooped down and landed on the large plateau where several other massive dragons were now perched. Eyes were upon her, for she was late to the meeting. She snorted as she landed, not bothering to apologize for her tardiness.

A cloud of green miasma slipped like fog from the rotting nostrils of the Dragon God of Death, Valniir. His thoughts were dark as usual. Cinder thought she was something special, but here on the council of the 12 god dragons, she was less than extraordinary. Plus the Dragon of Death already knew what had made her late to the meeting. Her pet's little, botched assassination of Thanos the God of Water. Valniir looked around the room. It appeared that everyone, all of the council members, were here but two... Indeed this was the reason the council had been summoned. It seemed murder was in the air these days. /What a bothersome ordeal/... Valniir thought to himself, still, it wasn't so bad getting a distraction from running the afterlife. Gloomy business.

"Ah... Finally here Cinder. Fashionably late as always... Very well, we shall begin. As you know, Chronos was killed and devoured by our brother Alexandur. He is claiming that he is now the

god of Time and War. Obviously this will imbalance the council. Neither should the murder of an Elder One be lightly overlooked. See more of Story Wars Valniir, calm and king of the skies announced.

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"I move to bring him in for trial. In the mean time, one of Chronos' children should take the seat of time on the council." a small voice called out. It was Faeelf, the Dragon god the harvest. Every year she would shrink down to the size of a tiny seed, then grow back to a full sized dragon by harvest season. As the season had just begun, she was very tiny.

"I fear Chronos' soul has not come through my realm... It may be true that Alexandur has truly consumed his power." Valniir's voice murmured. The whole room seemed to get slightly colder and less lively at the sound.

"Well excuse me if I don't trust his biggest ally on the council," called out Janus. The Dragon god of choices, she had three heads: Each looked a different direction, past, present, and future. But apparently they all held a distaste for Valniir.

"Do what you will..." Valniir said. Then he stood up, and with a powerful rush of his wings, he lifted himself from the platform and flew away, rolling his enormous green eyes.

"Rude," chirped Faeelf.

Chapter 2 by Glowpy-Druglord



A loud snort and a flare of thick smoke from the right side of the quarreling dragons caught their attention. A large muscular red and black dragon had his jaws parted slightly with licking flames in the back of his throat. His solid yellow eyes burned like flames and his tail swished warningly behind him. He was known only as Avos, Dragon god of Justice and Order. His talons were twitching, as if he were ready to break up the meeting.

"Enough!" he snapped, his jaws closing together with a sound like thunder. "If we cannot continue this meeting in peace, then leave!" His voice was deep, gravely and forceful.

"Relax, Avos," a young smooth feminine voice soothed the angered dragon. A beautiful young dragoness brushed her tail along his flank. Her multicolored eyes gleamed with unknown emotions. She was known as Nicara, Dragon Goddess of peace. She was calm natured, relaxed,

and always had a cool head. "But he is right, Janus. Relax."

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"I fear as though Valniir is correct. Alexandur has truly consumed his power." I have not felt I

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"Stuff it," Avos snapped, shoving his snout harshly into the Harbinger's face. "You're no better than Alexandur is. You're a soulless creep who whimpers and puts his tail between his legs whenever Valniir so much as sneezes. You're pathetic."

"Avos!" Nicara thundered, shocking every dragon. She never snapped at anyone. "That's enough! What Doomspeaker has done is in the past. Leave him be!"

Avos drew back, snarling. "You're lucky, you freak." He returned to his spot, flashing his fangs.

Chapter 3 by



Tension filled the whole place, each dragon baring their fangs or sheathing their claws halfway. Before the situation got completely serious, a black dragon arrived and bowed his head. "Excuse me for interrupting, your Lordships, but I found this human trying to hide and eavesdrop on the meeting. I was, as usual, unfortunately displeased by the inopportune meeting." The black dragon kicked forward a wiry human child who's eyes were open with terror. But there was something peculiar about the eyes. Instead of the normal human eye color, blue, brown, or grey, they constantly changed between a sharp acid green, cold icy blue, and sunny yellow...the eye colors of a dragon...

Chapter 4 by oc



Wait, I can explain!, the human cried. My name is...!

He did not get to finish.

Avos thundered towards him, the red and black dragon's step never faltered in the slightest bit. The human began to back up slowly sensing that he might not be at the mercy of the dragons. Avos reached him and lowered his head to the ground, fire dripping from his mouth and a growl emanating from his throat. The newcomers strange shifting eyes looked back in terror.

Avos growled, "Give me one reason why I should not burn you alive for trespassing on a dragon council meeting"

"Because I'm chronos"

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This shocked the dragon c

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"There is no way you are chronos, chronos is..." Avos pauses and looks over at Doomspeaker,"Dead"

He looks back at the human in shock

'I will tell you this one more time Avos, I'm Chronos"

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